

# The Mirror

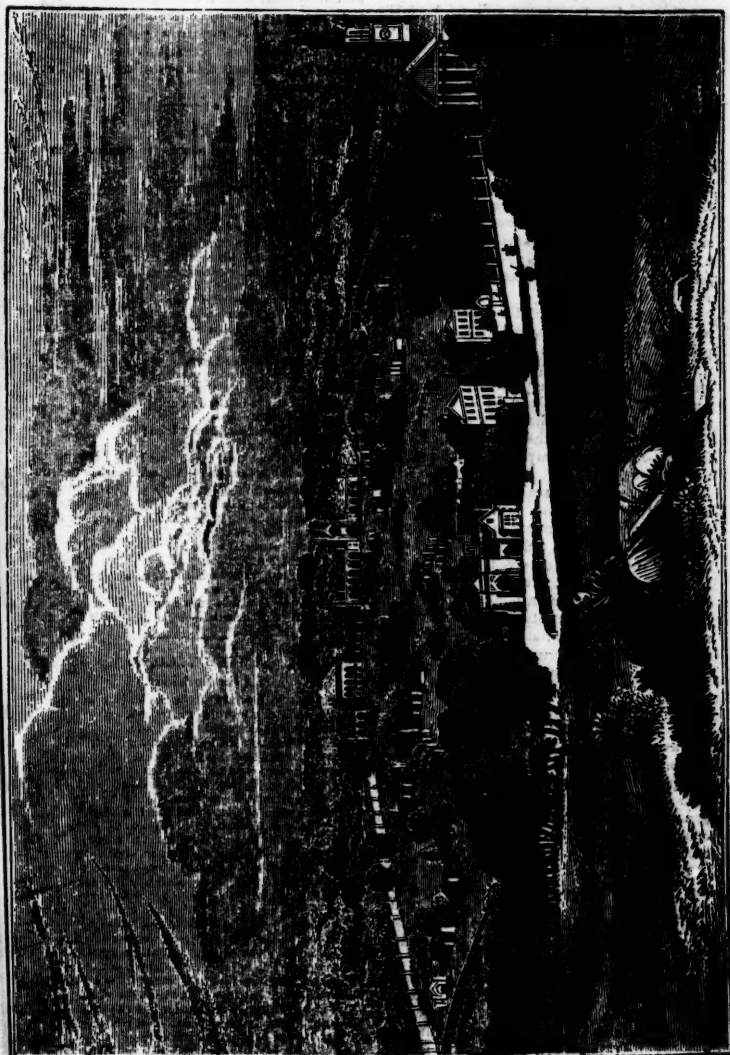
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 955.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]



SOUTH METROPOLITAN CEMETERY, NORWOOD, SURREY.

### SOUTH METROPOLITAN CEMETERY, NORWOOD, SURREY.

THE circumstance of the public attention having of late years been painfully excited by the disclosures which have been made in reference to the disgraceful state of the burial-grounds of the metropolis and its vicinity, gave rise to the establishment of the above cemetery by the projectors, whose objects were to correct the evil.

In carrying out these designs, their principal aim has been to put within the reach of the entire metropolitan and suburban population, the power of availing themselves of the proposed benefit; and to the accomplishment of this, they have felt that two important objects were to be obtained, viz., to afford the public space within an easy distance of town, yet removed from a crowded population, sufficient to meet their wants; and, secondly, a reasonable rate of charge—both these objects the projectors may confidently say they have effected.

As regards the space, the cemetery occupies an area of 40 acres, and the act of Incorporation authorizes the proprietors to extend it to 40 additional acres, if occasion should require. In selecting the present site the company have been singularly fortunate; and it may be safely stated, that no spot within so short a distance from the metropolis could be fixed upon in every way so well adapted for the purpose.

In reference to the scale of charges, it will be found on comparison with the generality of the charges for interment in existing burial-grounds, to be upon a reduced scale, and particularly it should be observed, that the exorbitant charges usually termed non-parochial dues will be altogether avoided.

While, however, utility, and the necessary requisites of an undertaking of this description, have chiefly occupied the attention of the proprietors, they have not exclusively done so; from the commencement of the works to their completion, no expense has been spared in rendering this cemetery attractive as a work of art; and it is gratifying to the projectors to learn, that the attention of the public has already been arrested by the skill and taste displayed by the artist in the general arrangement of the grounds, and the chaste and beautiful character of the architecture of the chapels and buildings.

The easy distance of this cemetery from the metropolis and its suburbs, renders it acceptable to all their inhabitants. The nature of the soil is such, that graves have been dug to the depth of twenty-five feet without the appearance of moisture.

A portion of the ground has been consecrated by the Bishop of the Diocese for the use of the members of the Established Church, and an Episcopalian chaplain appointed;—another part has been allotted for persons

dissenting from the Establishment, and a dissenting minister has been appointed to officiate on their behalf—parties may, however, have their own clergyman or minister.

We cannot close these remarks without making the gratifying observation, that the boundary-line, which distinguishes the consecrated from the unconsecrated portions of the cemetery, is merely a pathway; thus, every invidious distinction has been avoided, while the religious feelings of all have been consulted.

### THE SUN.

POETRY WRITTEN AND MELODY COMPOSED BY  
ANDREW PARK.

(For the Mirror.)

A GLORIOUS orb is the sun!  
Who shall describe his flame?  
Bright as when first from chaos sprung,—  
When all the new-born planets sung,  
And gloom hid his head in shame!  
His throne the empyrean sky:—  
His robes the red clouds fan'd,  
The quenchless light of his eye  
Is the soul of each mystic world.  
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!  
Lo! in the crimson west  
A molten sea lies there,  
Purple deep the vapoury breast  
Of the travell'd clouds that calmly rest  
On the wings of the dreaming air!  
Far in the East away—  
Worlds their lamps may trim;  
What were their gloom if they  
Received not their light from?  
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!  
O with his rays to rise!  
One dazzling day for me,  
In his chariot through the star-deck'd skies,  
Where world aft'r world flies,  
In endless regions free!  
Away to lands unknown,  
Where mortal ne'er hath been,  
And sin hath never sown  
Those seeds which grow so green!  
A glorious orb is the sun!—A glorious orb is the sun!

### LOVE'S VISIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

How often do I, weary of the din and noise  
Of this great city and its empty joys,  
Sigh for some sequestered quiet vale,  
Where peace abounds, and pleasure never fail.  
But not *a one* would I retired dwell,  
Like some stern anchoress, in gloomy cell,  
But *thou* should be my temple—vision'd shrine!  
For, without thee, no happiness is mine.  
Oh times, when musing, do I seem to hear  
The melody of birds, as if 'twere near;  
And while they tuneful sing, methinks I rove,  
With thee, through shelter'd wood, or fairy grove:  
And the bright sun glitters through many a bough  
With soften'd beams, and gentle zephyrs blow,  
To waft the precious perfume of the flower  
That blooms in many a hedge and cottage-bower.  
Or, perhaps, I fancy, o'er the verdant mead,  
With hearts elate, with joy our way we tread,  
Sweeping the dew from thence, and only pause  
New wonders to admire, and praise the Cause,  
The great Creator, who hath blessed the earth  
With all those beauties that attest its birth.  
And when 'tis eve,—we wander forth again,  
But not to tread the gay emerald plain:  
Ah, no!—but in our fairy bark, to glide  
O'er some smooth river, wafted by the tide,

While silver moonbeams on the waters play,  
And through the bending willows pierce their way.  
Then, to complete the charm, upon the wind  
Sweet music steals, which seems of heavenly kind.

But, lo! the dream is o'er, the spell is broke,  
And London's noisy cries, and London's smoke,  
Dispel the illusion, roughly does destroy  
My ideal happiness, my fancied joy;  
And all my pleasant visions take to flight,  
No more imagination can delight.  
And I, perchance, must join some giddy throng,  
And, with the multitude, impelled along,  
May seem to those who know me not, to love  
Those heartless follies which I feel above.  
But e'en in scenes like these I'd always be  
Than forced to part or separate from thee;  
And grove, and bower, lake, and rural shade,  
For these adjure, if by thy love repaid.

*Westminster.*

M. S.

### ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

SAUSSURE, the celebrated philosopher, reached the top of this mountain; and others went up soon afterwards. They tied themselves together with ropes; so that if any should happen to fall into a chasm, they might be saved. Some of these chasms were so deep, that when ice was thrown into them, the sound produced by its reaching the bottom was not heard. One chasm was found so wide, that the ladder which they laid across it, reached only one inch over each side; and that only in one place. They learned that this chasm had opened only a few days; so that if they passed over, there was a danger of their not being able to get back, from its opening wider before their return. They ventured over, however, and got safely back. Their thirst was very great. When near the top, they became very weak, felt dispirited, and were troubled with vomiting, &c.; owing to the air being very thin (the rarity of the atmosphere, as it is called). At last they reached the summit. In 1827, Mr. Ferrars, an English gentleman, ascended to the top. He also experienced great effects from the rarity of the air. His guides had bleeding from the nose, great difficulty of breathing, and intense thirst. Their eyes were bloodshot, and their faces blistered. Some had vomiting of blood. Mr. Auldjo likewise reached the top; and gives an interesting account of his journey. One of his guides sunk up to his arm-pits in a chasm; but saved himself by stretching out his arms, and by his pole falling across the chasm like a bridge. As they got towards the highest point, they were obliged to rest every three or four steps, and to turn their faces towards the north-wind; which assisted respiration. Mr. Auldjo was partly dragged, and partly carried to the summit. The sun was shining brightly on the snow-topped peaks around; but it was very cold; and he soon fell asleep. He had with him a bottle of champagne; of which the cork flew out to a great distance, but with little noise. We have mentioned elsewhere\*

\* See No. 947 of the *Mirror*; May 4, 1839; page 276 of the present volume.

that, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, a pistol fired there makes no more noise than a cracker in a room;—noise being occasioned by percussions of the air. The champagne frothed to the last drop; and our traveller partook of it; but the fixed air (carbonic acid) being given out very abundantly after being drunk, gave him much uneasiness. There have been about fifteen successful ascents of this mountain; and about twenty persons (of whom about twelve were English), besides guides, have reached the top. Among the successful travellers was a female. One of the latest to ascend, was Dr. Martin Barry, a highly intelligent and accomplished member of the Society of Friends; whom we had the pleasure of knowing in Edinburgh. He gave a very interesting account of his journey, in two lectures, illustrated by drawings; and also in a little work on the subject. Napoleon caused the guides to fix a cross on the top; but it was blown down in a day or two. N. R.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

POOR Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married for her kingdoms, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling; his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death; but sank into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope which, if realized, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She travelled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm, when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

'A sad remembrance fondly kept.'

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined sullenly, and never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.\*

\* From a Review of Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. cxxvii., June, 1839.

## A BORE.

*(For the Mirror.)*

'Twas on a Wednesday evening, as I lay listlessly reclining on the sofa, a universal cry of "tell me a story," resounded in my ears; "do tell me a story, oh, do tell us one of your amusing stories," escaped from every pair of fair lips around me. The supper had just been removed; it lay heavy on my chest, and very unfit was I to undertake the relation of a story, especially considering that I had to invent one altogether. But I summoned my energies, and affectionately, and with an affected parental look, gazing on the group around me, I turned on my side, and put my finger on my forehead in intent meditation. My senses, however, were confused; there was one, too, by my side, who had fixed a pair of the fondest eyes imaginable on me for a long time. I felt undecided, my limbs yearned for a comfortable stretch in bed, and my eyes grew dim with the profusion of dust the inexorable Morpheus did not desist from throwing into them. 'Twas of no avail! my efforts were useless; the candles burnt fitfully; the tokens of impatience manifested by my fair expectants died on my dull ears, they sounded as so many strange voices at an immeasurable distance. One, however, suddenly appeared to me more distinct; it breathed in my ears; "Come, Harry," it whispered in soft tones; and mechanically letting my head fall back, I opened my mouth.

"Rosalie was with us; we had every thing in preparation; the dark lantern, the ropes, the bag to put our findings in, the sticks to sweep down the cobwebs, and our hearts steeled with courage and resolution to carry us through our undertaking. The castle\* was for the present untenanted; the whole had gone on a long, long excursion, and no one but I, Adolphus, and his sister, remained. The clock had but just struck nine, the whole day was before us. The key of the high tower was in our possession, and our antiquarian enthusiasm having now reached its highest pitch, regardless of consequences and obstacles, the massive oaken door was unlocked. It creaked on its rusty hinges with an ominous sound, and as it admitted us, a gust of wind burst forth from the space it had enclosed, it smelt damp and mildewy; it appeared to us as if it had lain there without means of egress, for whole centuries; we trembled with fear, the very tainted air had filled our minds with the most incoherent and improbable apprehensions; but our real gained the ascendancy, and mustering our courage, we determined to prosecute our hardly yet begun researches. The door was accordingly closed, and locked on the inside; we descended a few steps, our hearts quaked, they beat with awe and consciousness of guilt; repeated had

been the injunctions given to us; various and fearful had been the punishments denounced against transgressors; but we were alone, no one knew anything about it, no one would know anything about it, no one could know anything about it.

'Twas now dark, but anon darker, and as we reached the last step 'twas indeed fearfully dark. Our lantern cast a strong, vigorous light; but it was only in one direction; all around, and even in the immediate vicinity of the enlightened object, remained dark and impenetrable to our visual organs. We had then reached the last step, but lower, much lower, had we yet to descend ere we reached our final destination. Here I had several times before been, 'twas as if it were familiar to me, but in the nether regions of these subterranean dungeons my foot had never yet trod. Our youthful fancies pictured dreadful instruments of torture, skeletons, old rotten coffins, perhaps hidden treasures! Till our curiosity was satisfied we could enjoy no peace, and Rosalie, whose soul had become fixed with our glowing surmises, was unable to resist the temptation; her wish tremblingly expressed to be one of our party was eagerly acceded to, perhaps more eagerly than she internally desired.

A large oaken door, lying flat on the stones, covered a square aperture—'twas this was the entrance to the gloomy dungeons under our feet. With our united strength, we succeeded in moving it aside; the light was directed to its interior, but all there was dark, fearfully dark! on one of the sides, however, we discovered a ladder. I placed my foot on it, and it seemed strong and sound. Congratulating myself on this lucky occurrence, I invited Adolphus to descend first, but he had no sooner placed the whole weight of his body on the treacherous wood, than it gave way, it snapped, and in his endeavours to save himself, the ladder was precipitated with a loud and terrifying crash to the floor of the dungeon beneath.

'Twas, however, but the destruction of a resource we had not expected to find; we were provided, and as we thought, fully so, against all contingencies. The rope we had with us was now then brought into use. Several hooks, we discovered, were fastened in the walls around; to one of these the rope was secured, and Adolphus was the first to descend. As he effected his descent, I held and guided the rope; at the same time, as far as lay in my power, preventing too great a trial on the old rusty hook in the wall opposite. Having safely reached his destination, Adolphus bade me assist his sister; poor Rosalie recoiled, her heart began to misgive her; but on our remonstrances and promises of protection, she rallied, and consented at last to be let down. The rope was of great length, and admitted of being passed several

times round her body—after much difficulty her descent was safely effected, and she stood clinging by the side of her brother, in a dungeon which our minds filled with a greater share of horrors, than is even generally attached to such places. And now came my turn. Having first carefully let down the lantern, I seized the rope, but oh! treacherous hook! no one was there to lighten the weight, and the latter half of my descent was as swift as the first had been slow and cautious! and as I fell, the rope, with the hook at its end, followed me. We gazed at each other in blank amazement and terror—the height was more than ten feet—how were we to find our way out again! Rosalie's courage at once forsook her, and bitter tears did the poor girl shed at her rashness, and foolish zeal for curious researches. "Oh, Adolphus, Adolphus!" she cried, "what will become of us down here, in this fearful place; 'tis all dark around me, but there where the lantern shines—and oh, oh look!" She shrieked, and covering her eyes with her hands, as if to hide some hideous, loathsome object from them, she sobbed aloud, and uttered screams of horror and disgust. We turned our eyes in the direction, and our blood ran cold in our veins, as we beheld a tall, gaunt skeleton! Its arms were outstretched, as though it would fain embrace us, and a band of iron passing round the waist and under the arm-pits, seemed the only support to this frightful mass of bones. Not a foot durst we move—we dared not even look on the ground. Adolphus stood rivetted to the spot whereon he stood, holding the lantern still fixed on the ghastly object—had he moved the light in another direction, other objects, perhaps more fearfully revolting, might have fallen under our eyes—this he felt, and it seemed as though he would never move from that spot.

Rosalie still wept: her handkerchief was before her eyes—she shrieked no more, but her limbs trembled violently. Many minutes elapsed in this fearful manner—all was profoundly silent, awfully still. At length I mustered courage, and suddenly recollecting the ladder, I uttered but that word. It acted as a spell. We unanimously looked on the ground; and on the light being turned on it,—what a sight then met our eyes! skulls, arm-bones, thigh-bones, and ribs, strewed the floor; all lay in the most horrifying confusion. Gradually, however, we got accustomed to this sight—we heard no noise save that caused by our own feet crushing these mouldering remnants of mortality; and increasing in boldness and indifference, we cheerily turned our efforts to the raising of the ladder. Many of the steps were broken, more still were decayed—but, said we, could one of us but climb up its sides, all would end well—this resource completely rekindled our energy, and we set all fears aside.

Rosalie's eyes once again brightened with enthusiasm, and, with a comparatively light heart, gathering our implements, we set about exploring the place. Skeleton upon skeleton met our searching eyes; nothing but skeletons on all sides. Many a time did we put a foot on some damp decayed skull, and crush it in with an ominous crunching—bones snapped under our steps as so many twigs. An object now attracted our particular attention. Two upright planks stood against the wall; we drew near, and looking between them, we beheld a skeleton jammed in the narrow space they afforded. Could this miserable object have died thus! we shuddered, and holding each other by the hand in mute compassion and fear, stood for some time transfixed. A slight shriek, however, accompanied by a loud noise, as of some one violently disturbing the bones on the floor, recalled us to our senses, or rather, perhaps, deprived us of what little we had left. The blood rushed to our cheeks, and anon left them—shudders then ran through our frames; we shivered with the excess of our terror. Once more were we as 'twere spell-bound—'twas the first noise or sound of any kind, except what we had ourselves caused, that had yet greeted our ears. What could it be? and a shriek, too! 'Twas heard again—several shrill notes followed; we stood there utterly amazed! Rosalie once more caught alarm, and whispering in a tremulous voice, begged us to assist her out of the horrible place. The shrill notes were again heard—they proceeded from as it were close to our feet; we felt the bones disturbed, and almost involuntarily directing the light to the spot, we saw before us a number of large, disgusting looking rats.

Rosalie held me with a convulsive grasp. "Heavens!" she cried, "protect me. Oh, I am giddy! where am I going? hold me, hold me!" but 'twas too late—she fell—she fell against the boards! A loud crash succeeded; the skeleton had crumbled to pieces over her as she lay on the ground! What was our confusion, our horror! oh, let me not think of that moment. There lay the fair Rosalie, insensible; not a drop of water was at hand—all was damp here, nothing could we touch but 'twas loathsome remains of what had once been actuated by the principle of life. She lay there, too, covered with the scattered bones of a dusty skeleton! The rats uttered their shrill notes, and dazzled by the light, ran heedlessly over her body. Oh, 'twas horrible! With difficulty Adolphus managed to raise his senseless sister in his arms—but where now were we to lay her, where to place her beyond the reach of the detestable vermin that infested this dungeon? But a minute and I had raised one of the planks and laid it across a couple of ledges that we discovered in the walls—here, then, we deposited the unfortunate and too-zealous



Rosalie. All was silent as death—we gazed on each other in blank astonishment and terror, utterly at a loss how to proceed. Adolphus, we at length concluded, must first climb the ladder, and bring some assistance, but we had no sooner turned our backs, than a loud laugh rang through the dungeon, and made its dreary echoes reverberate again with the hideous sounds. Such was the suddenness of this unexpected disturbance in these gloomy, miserable regions, that we started with terror, and throwing ourselves on the ground in despair, called loudly for assistance. "Oh, come, come!" we cried, "we are lost, we are dying, have mercy! have mercy!" But none answered, none heard. We raised our heads again, and looked around us—alas! all was darkness! our lantern was extinguished!

The demoniacal laugh sounded again in our ears, with painful noise. Oh, how wild were its peals, how they jarred our feelings! moans followed; then it seemed as though the place were haunted with frenzied devils, so hideously did they hiss.

We stood at length on our feet; oh, how horrible and frightful was every thing! Our hands were fast clasped in each other's grasp—we durst not separate them, nor could we prevail upon ourselves to move an inch. Moans were still heard, which we recognised as proceeding from poor Rosalie—Her brother's heart was rent with anguish; he approached the board whereon she lay, and muttered her name: "Ah, ha!" she cried, in frantic tones, "do you want me too? No, no,—that skeleton said he would have me, and so he shall; no, no, no!" and she laughed again—'twas more and more hideous; then she moaned, and called for Adolphus,—'twas more and more heart-rending! I was desperate, and it seemed to me as though my strength could overcome any thing. I rushed headlong towards the spot where I judged the ladder to be, but in my heedless course, came full upon the skeleton that had first met our eyes—that with the outstretched arms; 'twas shattered to pieces, and I felt myself covered with the clammy dust. At length I reached the ladder; with the grasp of a madman, I seized it, and giving myself a violent jerk, I began to climb it. But my haste was my ruin—my vigorous efforts proved my destruction—it snapped, and I fell back into the dungeon! Oh, what was my horror! my fright, my indescribable vexation! A loud laugh at that moment rang through the vault—a hand, with a deadly grasp, seized me by the head, and the cries of: "Why, Harry, what are you doing?" recalled me to my senses, and proved the whole to be a dream!

H. M.

#### HAWKESWORTH'S ADVENTURER.

THE secret history of any popular work, periodicals more especially, as to who were the contributors, and in reference to the appropriation of the papers to their respective authors, has always been matter of interest and moment with the public. The Rambler, by Dr. Johnson, reinvigorated the taste for that species of reading, which had been dormant since the period of the Spectator, the Tatler, and the Guardian; but the Adventurer, as started by Dr. Hawkesworth, from its pleasing variety, became at once more popular than the Rambler; the sale in numbers was considerable, and four large editions were published in less than nine years. The elegance, indeed, of the composition, the charms of the narrative part, and its evident tendency to promote piety and virtue, are recommendations which, it is hoped, can never lose their effect.

To the Adventurer, Dr. Hawkesworth is chiefly indebted for his high literary character and fame; among his early associates in this paper, the first number of which appeared on Tuesday, November 7, 1752, continued on Saturdays and Tuesdays, to the one hundred and fortieth number, was *Bon-nell Thornton*, whose contributions are marked with the signature A; but his accustomed indolence occasioned irregularity in his communications; and we find but eight papers, Nos. 3, 6, 9, 19, 23, 25, 35, and 43, bearing that signature; the last being dated April 3, 1753, refutes the assertion of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, that Thornton quitted the Adventurer to become a joint-partner with Colman, in the Connoisseur, which did not appear till February, 1754. Hawkesworth has himself stated, the contributions from this channel "soon failed," and its causes have here been given on good grounds.

The stipulated price which all the authors received from Payne, the publisher, was two guineas for each paper;—this was advanced by the bookseller, who risked all expenses, and was soon amply remunerated by a more rapid and extensive sale than the Rambler ever obtained. Another of Hawkesworth's associates, was Dr. Richard Bathurst, a physician of considerable skill, but without much practice; and a member of the Johnsonian Ivy-lane Club of Literati. He was the son of Colonel Bathurst, a West India planter, from whom Johnson received Francis Barber, his black servant. The colonel left his affairs on his death in absolute ruin; and the doctor's emolument arising from his contributions to these papers, were of considerable service to him, it is believed, in a pecuniary view—his papers have no distinctive marks, those with the signature A are, in the late editions of the British Essayists, improperly appropriated to him—these were, indisputably, from style and subject, Thornton's; nor is there any memo-

random extant by which those of Bathurst's can be separated from those given to Dr. Hawkesworth. Employment abroad in his profession being professed him, Dr. Bathurst readily accepted it, and he fell a sacrifice to the climate, in the expedition against the Havannah. Dr. Johnson, by whom he was, by reason of his amiable manners, highly esteemed, thus tenderly lamented his demise in a letter to Bennet Langton—"The Havannah is taken, a conquest too dearly obtained, for Bathurst died before it—"

Vix Priamus tanti totaque Troja fuit."

Chalmers, quoting Boswell, says—"It cannot be known how much Dr. Bathurst actually contributed;"—we have, however, the express authority of Sir John Hawkins, that Dr. Bathurst wrote the papers signed A; and without depending implicitly on this authority, which is certainly wrong, we may safely assert, that if Dr. Bathurst did not write these papers, he did not write any part of the work, for all the other papers are appropriated, upon undoubted authority, to Drs. Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Warton, with the exception of two or three, the authors of which were unknown to the Editor, are pointed out in this edition.\*

That Boswell blundered egregiously cannot be questioned, both in this matter, and the part Dr. Johnson took in the *Adventurer*, when, by the loss of Bathurst, and the uncertainty of Thornton, Johnson and Joseph Warton became Hawkesworth's coadjutors. Boswell, says Johnson, began to write in the *Adventurer*, on April 10, 1753; but the thirty-fourth paper, printed on Saturday, March 3, was certainly the production of his pen; and an unpublished letter of Payne, the publisher's, to Dr. Warton, furnishes data and facts connected with the progress of the *Adventurer*, which show that no certainty of appropriation of the papers to Hawkesworth previous to that junction can be established—at least as regards those which have no distinctive signature. Dr. Johnson asserted that the Hon. Hamilton Boyle wrote in the *Adventurer*; probably No. 33. that with the \*\*, in Chalmers's edition, given to Hawkesworth, or one of the earlier papers which remain without assignment. Payne's letter is as follows:—

Rev. Sir.—As your paper [on what arts the moderns excel the ancients.] will not be printed till Tuesday se'nnight, I was willing to gratify your curiosity by sending *The Connoisseur* to-night.† It is full of dull commonplace stuff, and is, I think, not worthy of Thornton. It is disgusting, I own, to give such imperfect translations of passages selected for the peculiar purposes of our

papers; but the *Spectator*, &c. began it, the unlettered expect the continuance of it, and we must gratify that expectation. The translation of the passage from Dr. M[usgrave?] which I sent you, is radically bad, and cannot be mended by alteration. We must take our chance for a translation from Mr. Johnson, which you must help me to procure, and which I will print after the contents of the volume in which it occurs. Last Saturday Mr. Hawkesworth got T. [Johnson] to supply his place; he has begged the same favour of him for Tuesday, on account of a violent pain in his face; but he does not mean that T. should lose his own turn; the state of our affairs, therefore, from last Tuesday se'nnight, stands thus:

These are published {

127 Z.	
128 T. for H.	
129 Z.	
130 H. Saturday, Feb. 2	
131 T.	
132 H.	
133 Z. The paper I received	
134 H.	[yesterday]
135 T.	
136 H.	
137 Z.	
138 H.	
139 T.	
140 H.	

By this disposition, which H. has given me, you will not have room for your criticism on Othello, unless you can include it in one paper, which is hardly possible. It may, therefore, be useful to wind up your papers of that kind by some general subject; for Johnson says each must wind up his bottom, and not leave the world in ignorance of our design till the last paper.

Of ninety-two numbers, since you began [amending the whole] supposing the whole to be finished—

Hawkesworth will have written	39	
The three signed Y were substituted for his	3	43
And one signed &	1	
T. will have written for his own share	23	
And for Hawkesworth	2	25
Which is two above his number.		
Z. will have written	24	
Which is one above his number, for	92	
Hawkesworth should have written	46	
T. [Johnson]	23	
And Z. [Warton]	23	
	92	
		Himself 39
		Y. 3
		&. 1
		T. 2
		Z. 1

I have had no contents, since No. 105.

I am, your's sincerely,  
Feb. 2, [1754]. J. PAYNE.

The words enclosed within a bracket [amending the whole], scored over by a pen in the letter, induces a supposition that Hawkesworth was faltering, and that to Warton was confided the strict revision of the whole; certain it is, that to him, in the con-

\* British Essayists, 1817. duod. Vol. xxiii. p. 24.

† The first paper of the *Connoisseur*, written by Bonnell Thornton, was published on Saturday, February 2, 1754.

duct of the *Adventurer*, the province of criticism and literature was consigned; and most ably has Warton taught us how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be directed, notwithstanding her severity, to attract and to delight.

Johnson's letter to Warton, dated March 8, 1753, apprising him of the part in *The Adventurer* that would be assigned to him, if he would accept of it, states, "I have no part in the paper beyond now and then a motto,"—ques. what was meant by part? The thirty-fourth paper, with his signature, T., had been printed on the third of that month; and a conjecture arises that that paper, the thirty-ninth and forty-first, were really Johnson's, but contributed by Dr. Bathurst, as Boswell, in explanation, asserts, "Mrs. Williams told me that she had given those essays to Dr. Bathurst, who sold them at two guineas each, he never would own them, nay, he used to say he did not write them; but the fact was, he dictated them, while Bathurst wrote." I read to him Mrs. Williams's account; he smiled and said nothing." Payne's letter speaks but of the twenty-three Johnson had written under the signature T. for his own share; but there are twenty-eight papers with that distinctive mark, two having been written to assist Hawkesworth; Boswell was, therefore, possibly correct when he stated Johnson commenced with the forty-fifth number, on April 10th, for his own share; the three previous papers being sold to Payne for Dr. Bathurst's personal advantage, and, perhaps, all the share he had in any way in the *Adventurer*.

Chalmers's assertion,—"Dr. Hawkesworth's share of the *Adventurer* amounts exactly to a half, or seventy papers,"—is, by this letter, proved to be a flourish upon fancy; it is not sufficiently clear what portion of the first thirty-eight were really from his pen; as by Payne's letter it appears of the remaining one hundred and two papers Hawkesworth wrote only thirty-nine. Nos. 77, 78, and 79, subscribed FIDELIA, and bearing the mark Y, were written by Miss Mulso, who, in 1760, became Mrs. Chapone. No. 90, printed Saturday, Sept. 15, 1753, with the signature &c, was contributed by Colman, afterwards the conductor of the *Connoisseur*; it displays an erudite knowledge of literary history and criticism: and was, in fact, no mean merit to have produced such a paper at the early age of twenty.

The arrangements spoken of by Payne, as to the completion, were ultimately otherwise, as Hawkesworth contributed Nos. 135 and 136; Johnson, Nos. 137 and 138; and Warton, in No. 139, undertook to explain the design of the critical papers in the *Adventurer*; Hawkesworth, in the last, giving an account of the general plan and conclusion of the work—in this he pathetically concludes—

"Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading, from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can comfort us when we die." B.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF COLOURS;

OR,

### A SKETCH OF THEIR ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES;

*Being the Substance of a Paper read by Mr. Stephens, of Stamford Street, before the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, May 18, 1839.*

COLOURS are derived from three principal sources—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdom. A brief consideration of the elementary sources from which colours are derived, and the elementary principles upon which they depend, will lead to a proper estimate of their permanence and character.

Colours derived from the animal and vegetable kingdom depend upon principles perfectly distinct and apart from those of mineral colours. The colours of animal or vegetable bodies do not belong to the elements, or any combination of the elements, of which those bodies are composed—it is a property which becomes developed in the animal or vegetable during its growth; it may be dissolved, diffused, applied to surfaces or substances combined with other substances; heightened or weakened by chemicals, but it is a principal which can be destroyed by art, and which has a natural tendency to decay, and to become extinct; but the colour produced by mineral substances is an essential property of their elements, inherent in them, always to be developed by chemical combinations, a property never becoming extinct, but capable of being continually reproduced upon the revival of the chemical affinity. To illustrate this, I have here some pieces of pigment, the one a vegetable, the other of a mineral colour; if I examine the elementary composition of this substance, which is indigo, I shall find that it is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen: but there is no human means by which hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen, can be put together, so as to manufacture indigo. If I examine the elementary nature of this mineral substance, I find that it contains iron, united to a peculiar acid, the elements of which are carbon, nitrogen, and hydrogen; I find that I can chemically combine hydrogen,



carbon, and nitrogen, so as to form this peculiar substance, and that I can unite this acid so formed, with iron, so as to make ferro-cyanate of iron, or Prussian blue. I find also that I can separate this peculiar substance from the iron so as to destroy the colour, and that I can re-unite them, and revive it interminably. I will now, with your permission, show this effect by a little experiment. Here are two bottles of liquid colour, the one a solution of indigo, well known, the other a solution of Prussian blue. I may be permitted to mention that Prussian blue was for a long time known only as a pigment, it being considered insoluble. About two years since I obtained a patent for a method of dissolving it, so as to render it available to many purposes, to which, as a pigment, it could not well be applied.

If I pour into this solution of indigo some of the contents of this bottle, which is a liquid chlorine, the colour will fade, and in a short time become extinct. There is no method by which I can revive or reproduce indigo in this liquid, because its colour was rather a quality, and not an inherent property of its elements; but if I take this solution of Prussian blue, I may decompose the colour, and apparently extinguish it; but as the property which produced the colour is still inherent in the materials, I can revive the colour by reviving the chemical affinities. By pouring a little solution of caustic soda into this blue solution, I form a prussiate of soda, which has only a slight yellow tinge, the iron being left free. If I now pour into this apparently colourless solution some acid, which has a stronger affinity to the soda than the ferro-prussiate, I set the latter free, when it instantly unites by attraction to the iron, and the blue colour is revived. From this experiment it is easy to deduce the fact that the fading of the colour of indigo or vegetable colours, is an approach to a gradual extinction, but the fading of pure mineral colours is a change in their chemical affinities, but no dissipation or extinction of the property of their elements.

To give you a further idea of the elementary nature of bodies and their inherent properties, I shall beg to exhibit one other experiment. These two bottles contain, as you see, two colourless liquids, yet one of them contains a black elementary matter, known as carbon; if I mix these two together, a decomposition will take place, and the black elementary matter will appear, proving that a colour, being an inherent property of matter, or combinations of matter, can never become extinct. I do not here intend to enter into the connexion and relation of colours to light, and I am aware that in calling black a colour, I may be considered to be in error, black being considered to be an

absence of colour. I beg to be understood to be speaking of the *relative* appearance of bodies.

From what I have now briefly stated, an inference may be readily drawn, that it is not to the vegetable or animal kingdom, although affording some of the most beautiful colours, that the painter must look for materials with which to perpetuate or reflect to posterity the genius and the works of art. It is to the mineral kingdom chiefly that he must turn for his most permanent colours.

Without detaining you long, I will endeavour to lay before you as brief a sketch or outline as possible, of the nature of mineral colours, and the causes which influence their permanence.

All mineral colours have metals for their base; and it is the union of this metal with some other element or elements which produces a colour. Oxygen, one of the components of the atmosphere, is the primary agent which combines with metals to produce mineral colours:—hence they are called metallic oxides; but as oxygen combines with metals in different proportions, different colours are produced. I have in these bottles various metals in different states of oxygenation, producing, as you see, different colours. That state of oxygenation which a metal is disposed under ordinary states of exposure to acquire, and which it is disposed permanently to retain, unless artificial means are used to reduce it, is its most permanent colour. Metals are influenced in their states of oxygenation by many external circumstances; some of them readily part with oxygen by light, heat, and moisture; and in proportion as they are more or less readily affected by these agents, are they more or less permanent as colours. The combination of a metallic acid with a metallic oxide gives a fixed compound, which is a permanent colour. If I pour into this tube, which contains acetate of lead, a little of this bichromate of potash, the acetic acid in the acetate of lead combines with the potash, and the metal chrome, which is in an acid state, unites with the lead, and you have thrown down the chromate of lead, or chrome yellow of the painters. If I put some of this, which is a solution of copper, I form the chromate of copper, which is a fine brown colour. Metals, in combination with sulphur, afford permanent colours, as vermilion, which is a sulphuret of mercury, and orpiment, which is a fine yellow colour—a sulphuret of arsenic. Metals also combine with carbon in two states, with carbonic acid it forms a carbonate; this is an example—the carbonate of iron. The direct combination of carbon with metals forms carburets; this is a carburet of iron, commonly called black lead. These two bottles contain different preparations of manganese, the one a carbonate, the other

an oxide, in which the different colours are well observed,—this is a carbonate of copper. Carbonate of lead, is the common white lead.

An abundant source of permanent colours is to be found in the combination of metallic oxides, with earthy bases,—as alumine or clay, and silex. Iron, which is the most abundant and generally diffused of all the metals, is the most universal colouring material in the world. You can scarcely pick up a piece of dirt from the road, or sand or clay from a bank, but you will find with it, an admixture of iron. In travelling through the different districts of a country, you will observe the different colour of the earths composing the soil. In some you will find a red sand, as at Red Hill, in Surrey; in others a red clay,—oxide of iron is the colouring material. In another district you will find a yellow clay, it is iron in a different state of oxygenation, and less abundant.

Red and yellow ochre owe their colour to iron in combination with aluminous earths. The colouring matter of the Umbers is iron, of the Sienna, and the Terra Sienna. The red bricks and tiles of houses owe their colour to oxide of iron. Buildings which have been erected centuries since with red brick, and which are crumbling into dust with age, will be found to exhibit, comparatively unchanged, the per-oxide of iron. Iron is the colouring material of many of the gems and precious stones. Metallic oxides have the property of combining with vegetable and animal colours, and of prolonging their durability, and in this combination they are called the base. Thus, the beautiful colour extracted from the cochineal insect, has its colour heightened and preserved by being combined with the oxide of tin, which combination is the beautiful scarlet of the dyers, and forms the carmine of the shops, better known to some under the name of rouge. Iron, in combination with vegetable matter, is the source of most of the black colours of the dyers; most vegetable matters are darkened by contact with iron. If you were to stir your tea with an iron spoon, you would convert it into an inky fluid. If you saw a piece of green oak-wood with a rusty iron saw, you will leave a dark stain upon it. In combination with the vegetable acid of galls, it forms the black dye of the dyers; and is the basis of black ink. Iron is, in fact, so abundant, that it prevails where it is little suspected, and where the commercial name of the article would lead to a different supposition of its nature. Those who are not acquainted with the fact, would scarcely suppose from the name, that the article known as black lead, does not contain a particle of lead, but is, as I have before stated, a carburet of iron. The coppers of commerce contains no copper, but is a sulphate of iron. The black oxide of manganese also, is a mixed ore of iron and

manganese. The crude oxide of manganese, if dissolved and mixed with galls or vegetable astringents, will make a black colour, which might induce a belief, that an ink could be made from manganese; but if the iron is separated from the manganese, the latter will give no colour at all with galls, or only a dirty yellow.

### Arts and Sciences.

MR. N. DUNN'S MUSEUM OF CHINESE  
CURIOSITIES, AT PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded from page 398.)

**Bridges.**—There are four accurate models of granite bridges, from one to four arches; the workmanship of the originals is of great beauty and durability, and really in them we discover the perfect arch, the most approved piers of the present day, and yet their bridges are so ancient, that the date of their erection is almost, if not entirely, lost. Having no carriages, they are merely used for foot passengers, loaded coolies, and an occasional horse or buffalo.

**Summer-houses.**—Four models of summer-houses exhibit the peculiar taste of the Chinese; some are plain, and others very ornamental, with their scalloped roof, bells, gilding, painting, &c., and furnished with miniature chairs, tables, &c., models of real things, every part being complete for the luxuries of tea and the pipe. Tea is the universal beverage; this is sold from eight cents the pound up to many dollars, and is an article on which some of their citizens expend a very large income. The working man carries it in his rude tea-pot to the fields, and drinks it cold to quench his thirst, while the more wealthy sip it on every occasion of ceremony, business, or familiar intercourse.

**Paintings.**—The pictures and paintings are very numerous, and probably occupy the greatest surface in the collection.—Many of them were presented by distinguished men of China, and many were painted by the most celebrated artists of the principal inland cities, including the capital. They represent in the first place, all those scenes which are characteristic of Chinese life in its detail, including a series showing every process of the tea manufacture, from the planting to the packing up. There are large and handsome views of Macao, Bocca Tigris, Whampoa, Canton, and Honan, with its remarkable temples, &c. The portraits will astonish those who have seen only the paltry daubs usually brought as specimens of the art in China. There is one of the high priest of the Honan temple, and others of distinguished men well known in Canton, worked with the minuteness of miniature painting. This department comprises also a variety of paintings on glass, an art much practiced by the natives; pictures of

all the boats peculiar to the country; of rooms, their domestic arrangements; of all the costumes of people of rank; the furniture, lanterns, and, in short, of every variety of Chinese life, from the most degraded class to the emperor. The flowers embroidered on satin, &c., will attract the eye of female visitors.

*A Chinese Room.*—At the east end, faced by a very superb alcove brought from China, is a Chinese room. The alcove itself consists of wood deeply carved out of solid blocks; the carving represents figures of men, animals, birds, flowers, &c. The cutting penetrates through the whole of each piece, and forms a net work, the front being painted and gilt in the Asiatic taste, with the rich colours for which the nation is so celebrated. The screen is a fac-simile of those put up in the houses of the wealthy, to form an ante-room in their large establishments. This vestibule will be decorated with furniture, such as chairs, tables, stands, stools, vases, maxims, scrolls, &c., and in every respect will represent a room as actually occupied by the rich. This screen-work extends over the tops of the cases the entire length of the north side of the room, and its effect, as seen by the writer, is extremely gorgeous, reminding him of the representations made in old illuminated manuscript, before the invention of printing in Europe. The colours, violet, blue, crimson, scarlet, &c., are those employed by the illuminators, and lead one to believe that *they* imitated the Chinese.

*Furniture, Books, &c.*—In addition to the furniture contained in this beautiful pavilion, there will be also distributed in the saloon, a variety of Chinese domestic articles and utensils. Two dark coloured and extremely rich book-cases, which might serve to ornament any library, will display copious specimens of the books of the Chinese, in their peculiar and safe binding, so rarely seen in this country. Specimens of their blocks or stereotyped wood, are also in the collection. The book-cases are made in excellent taste, of a dark wood susceptible of a beautiful polish, and in some respects they may be considered an improvement on our own. The chairs of different forms, large and capacious, made of wood resembling mahogany, with their appropriate cushions and footstools, are in a taste of refinement and comfort, which would have been creditable to some of our forefathers of New England, into whose parlours they might have been introduced without differing much from the fashion of fifty years since. The stools without backs exhibit their adaptation to a southern climate, in being partly composed of China ware, marble, and wood.

There are also tables, such as ornament the rooms of the wealthy, gilt, and richly carved and painted; stands, inlaid with marble or precious wood, such as are placed be-

tween every two chairs to hold the tea apparatus, or those various little ornaments or flower pots, of which the Chinese it will be seen, are so remarkably fond. There is also a common table, such as is in universal use, and has been for centuries, which will be recognized by our present generation as a fac-simile of the favourite eight-legged table of our great grandfathers, now thrust by modern fashion into the kitchen or garret. It folds up as those do, and the legs are turned in rings; this, like a thousand things in the saloon, proves that our common usages have been derived from China, where we are accustomed to believe they are centuries behind us. The vases and seats of porcelain are particularly rich and unique.

*Natural History.*—The brevity we have been obliged to use in the foregoing enumeration, has prevented the mention of much that would have interested the readers of this Journal, and we have to regret that the department of natural history must be also merely touched upon. It evinces the comprehensiveness of Mr. Dunn's plan to find, that even in this particular, nothing has been omitted which time, trouble, and expense could accomplish, and as one evidence among many, of the laborious nature of the occupation of bringing these things together, we may mention the care bestowed upon the numerous objects of science here concentrated.

A young gentleman of Philadelphia, well known there as an enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. William W. Wood, son of Mr. William Wood, made his way to Canton in search of objects of interest, in the reasonable expectation of bettering his condition. Mr. Dunn at once sought his aid to perfect his collection, and employed his valuable time for a very considerable period. He had a *carte blanche* to procure objects in natural history, yet some art and no little subterfuge were necessary, to persuade the Chinamen to collect articles of a kind in which they take no interest; prejudice and national feelings were to be overcome before they could be induced to make the necessary excursions by land and water, to spots where no foreigner could penetrate. By industry, money, flattery, and kindness, he succeeded, however, in amassing a great variety of birds, fishes, reptiles, shells, &c., and a few animals. Of these, all have arrived in good condition, with the exception of the insects; the butterflies, moths, &c., which when last seen in Canton were particularly rich and curious, have suffered most by the delay in unpacking, and by natural causes.

Mr. Wood was indefatigable for many months in completing the herpetology of China; the conchology is fully represented in many rich and rare specimens; and one of the rarest birds, the mandarin duck, with its very peculiar plumage, will be new to many: the China partridge, and many beau-

tiful song birds, add variety and interest to the whole.

The fishes were procured principally at the famous fishing stations at Macao, where Mr. Wood resided for several months for this express purpose; the specimens are very numerous and rare. There has also been procured a great number of very fine drawings of fish from life, in the accurate style of the Chinese, and in fine colours. The stuffed specimens will be neatly and appropriately arranged, to afford a study for the naturalist.

In the department of botany, attention has been paid to procuring accurate drawings of many plants and flowers. These will be exhibited in frames.

The *Minerals* in this collection are few in number, and together with the primitive rocks of China, embrace some remarkably fine carbonates of copper, both nodular and radiated.

The *Shells* include the well-known species of the China sea and the Canton river; the former, however, are of remarkable size and beauty, while a multiplicity of specimens illustrates all their varieties.

The writer regrets his want of acquaintance with the science of mineralogy, which prevents his more than alluding to the specimens, said to be highly interesting.

*Miscellanies.*—The joss-houses, pagodas, articles of *virtu*, of ornament, of stone, of jade, of ivory, bamboo, wood, metal, rice, &c., are so numerous that we can only allude to them. A case of shoes, in all their clumsy or ornamental variety, exhibit the form of the compressed female feet, and the clumsy shape of those of the male; another of caps fresh from their makers, with the button of office, and the cheaper kinds of the poor; theatrical dresses, known to be those of the very ancient Chinese, spectacles, opium and other pipes, fans, the compass in great variety, models of fruits, coins, exquisite specimens of carving in ivory, metal, stone, and bamboo, very numerous and grotesque carvings from roots of trees, in which they exhibit a peculiar taste, singular brushes, combs, beautiful vessels of odiferous wood for their altars and temples, of which latter there are models; very numerous ornamental stands carved with good taste; huge cameos in stone of great cost; fine specimens of their lacquered ware, as well as their common ware; a silk embroidered saddle; a water-wheel worked like our *modern* tread-mill;\* a fan for cleaning rice, resembling our own; lanterns of every possible shape, size, and ornament, will be suspended from various points, with their rich and tasteful paintings; there is a model of their very singular coffin, which few would even guess was designed to contain the last relics of humanity.

Space is wanting to perfect this notice of

\* See *Mirror*, vol. 1. p. 45.

a collection highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the proprietor, and valuable to our country. No where else can be seen so complete an exhibition of this interesting nation.

### New Books.

*History of the American Navy.* By J. Fenimore Cooper. (Bentley.)

[THE author of the above history is already well known as a pleasing writer in romance; and, in this work, he equally maintains his character as a faithful delineator of facts, displaying, in the most vivid colours, heart-stirring accounts of the various sea-fights in which the infant navy of America have been concerned. The details are faithfully given, devoid of prejudice, and with the greatest liberality. Among the many narratives, none is more powerfully and romantically written, than—

*The Battle between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard:—*]

It was now getting dark, and Commodore Jones was compelled to follow the movements of the enemy by the aid of a night-glass. The *Richard*, however, stood steadily on, and about half-past seven came up with the *Serapis*. The American ship was to windward, and as she drew slowly near, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer was equivocal, and both ships delivered their entire broadsides simultaneously. The water being so smooth, Commodore Jones had relied materially on the eighteens that were in the gun-room, but at the first discharge two of the six that were fired burst, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding a large proportion of the people who were stationed below. This disaster caused all the heavy guns to be instantly deserted, for the men had no longer sufficient confidence in their goodness to use them. It at once reduced the broadside of the *Richard* to about a third less than that of her opponent, not to include the disadvantage of the manner in which the metal that remained was distributed among light guns. In short, the contest was now between a 12-pounder and an 18-pounder frigate, a species of contest in which it has been said, we know not with what truth, the former has never been known to prevail.

Commodore Jones informs us himself that all his hopes after this accident, rested on the 12-pounders that were under the command of the first lieutenant.

The *Richard*, having backed her topsails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and went ahead of the *Serapis*, which ship luffed across her stern, and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and in her turn passing ahead. All this time, which consumed half an hour, the cannonading was close and furious. As the *Serapis* kept her

luff sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off across the latter's forefoot as soon as he had got far enough ahead; but making the attempt, and finding that he had no room, he put his helm hard down to keep clear of his adversary, when the double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading. By these uncertain evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran aboard of her antagonist bows on, a little on her weather quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed by these manœuvres, and near an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other in the manner described.

The English now thought that it was the intention of the Americans to board them, and a few moments passed in the uncertainty which such an expectation would create; but the position of the vessels was not favourable for either party to pass into the opposing ship. There being at the moment a perfect cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson demanded "Have you struck your colours?" "I have not begun to fight" was the answer. The yards of the Richard were braced back, and the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated. As soon as far enough asunder, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback far forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, or was box-hauled, with a view, most probably, of luffing up athwart the bow of her enemy, in order again to rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her larboard guns, but Commodore Jones, by this time, was conscious of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal, and after backing stern some distance, he filled on the other tack, luffing up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as she came to the wind, and of laying her athwart-hawse.

In the smoke, one party or the other miscalculated the distance, for the two vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English ship passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way, the collision did but little injury; and Commodore Jones with his own hands immediately lashed the enemy's head gear to his mizenmast.

The pressure on the after sails of the Serapis, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern, the jib-boom of the Serapis giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got on board the latter to secure her in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was as much aware of his advantage in a regular combat as his opponent could be of his own disadvantage, no sooner perceived the vessels foul, than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. But such an expectation was perfectly futile, as the yards were interlocked; the hulls were pressed close against each other; there were lashings fore and aft, and even the ornamental work aided in holding the ships together. When the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis to the tide. At this instant the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed without loss.

All this time the battle raged. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed, as the vessel swung to prevent boarding, they were now blown off in order to allow the guns to run out, and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposite ship, in order to be entered into the muzzles of their proper guns. It is evident that such a conflict must be of short duration. In effect the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main deck guns of the Richard were in great measure abandoned. Most of the people went to the upper deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the fire of the enemy, continuing to fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

In this stage of the combat, the Serapis was tearing her enemy to pieces below, almost without resistance from her antagonist's batteries—only two guns on the quarter deck, and three or four of the twelves being worked at all. To the former, by shifting a gun from the larboard side, Commodore Jones succeeded in adding a third, all of which were used with effect, under his immediate inspection, to the close of the action. He could not muster force enough to get over another gun. But the combat would soon have been terminated had it not been for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties had been placed in the tops, and at the end of a short contest the Americans had driven every man belonging to the enemy below. After which they kept up so animated a fire on the quarter-deck of the Serapis, in particular, as to drive every man off of it, who was not shot down.

Thus, while the English had the battle nearly all to themselves below, the Americans had the controul of the upper-deck. Having cleared the tops of the Serapis, some American seamen lay out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand-grenades on the two upper-decks of the English ship, the men on the forecastle of their own ship seconding those efforts, by casting the same



combustibles through the ports of the *Serapis*. At length one man, in particular, became so hardy as to take his post at the extreme end of the yard, when, provided with a bucket filled with combustibles, and a match, he dropped the grenades with so much precision that one dropped through the main hatchway.

The powder boys of the *Serapis* had got more cartridges up than were wanted, and in their hurry they had carelessly laid a row of them on the main deck in a line with the guns. The grenade just mentioned set fire to some loose powder that was lying near, and the flash passed from cartridge to cartridge, beginning abreast of the main-mast and running quite aft.

The effect of this explosion was awful. More than 20 men were instantly killed, many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trousers, whilst the official returns of the ship a week after the action, show that there were no less than 38 wounded on board still alive, who had been injured in this manner, and of whom 30 were then said to be in great danger. Captain Pearson described the explosion as having destroyed nearly all the men at the five aftermost guns. On the whole, nearly 60 of the *Serapis*'s people must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantage thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the top-men, in a great measure restored the chances of the combat, and by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Commodore Jones to increase his. In the same degree that it encouraged the crew of the *Richard*, it diminished the hopes of the people of the *Serapis*. One of the guns, under the immediate inspection of Commodore Jones, had been pointed some time against the mainmast of his enemy, while the two others had seconded the fire of the tops with grape and canister. Kept below deck by this double attack, where a scene of frightful horror was presented in the agonies of the wounded and the effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English began to droop, and there was a moment when a trifle would have induced them to submit. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of those unlooked-for events that accompany the vicissitudes of battle.

Let the injuries be from what quarter they might, soon after the *Alliance* had run to leeward, an alarm was spread in the *Richard* that the ship was sinking. Both vessels had been on fire several times, and some difficulty had been experienced in extinguishing the flames, but here was a new enemy to contend with, and as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-wells, it produced a great deal of consternation. The *Richard* had more than 100 English prisoners on board,

and the master-at-arms, in the hurry of the moment, let them up from below in order to save their lives. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, the master of a letter-of-marque that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the *Richard* into one of the *Serapis*, when he reported to Captain Pearson, that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favour, or carry his enemy down, he himself having been liberated in order to save his life.

Just at this instant, the gunner, who had little to occupy him at his quarters, came on deck, and not perceiving Commodore Jones or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the mate, the only superior officer he had in the ship, to be dead, he ran up the poop to haul down the colours. Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and the ensign already hanging in the water, he had no other means of letting his intentions be known, than by calling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed to know if the *Richard* demanded quarter, and was answered by Commodore Jones himself in the negative. It is possible that the reply was not heard, or if heard, supposed to come from an authorised source, for encouraged by what he heard from the liberated prisoner, and by the confusion that prevailed in the *Richard*, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and as soon as mustered, they were ordered to take possession of the prize. Some of the men actually got on the gunwale of the latter ship; but finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they made a precipitate retreat. All this time the top-men were not idle, and the enemy were soon again driven below with loss.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Dale, who no longer held a gun that could be fought, mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the *Richard* afloat by the very blunder that had been so near losing her. The ships were now on fire again, and both parties, with the exception of a few guns at each side, ceased firing in order to subdue this dangerous enemy. In the course of the combat, the *Serapis* is said to have been set on fire no less than twelve times, while towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the *Richard* was burning all the time.

As soon as order was restored in the *Richard*, after the call for quarter, her chance of success began to increase, while the English, driven under cover almost to a man, appear to have lost, in a great degree, the hope of victory. Their fire materially slackened, while the *Richard* again brought a few more guns to bear. The mainmast of the *Serapis* began to totter, and her resistance in general to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or

between three and three hours and a-half after the first gun was fired, and between two hours and two hours and a-half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down the colours of the *Serapis* with his own hand, the men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the *Richard's* tops.

As soon as it was known that the colours of the English had been lowered, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the *Richard*, and, laying hold of the main-brace pendant, he swung himself on board of the *Serapis*. On the quarter-deck of the latter, he found Captain Pearson almost alone, that gallant officer having maintained his post throughout the whole of this dire and murderous conflict. Just as Mr. Dale addressed the British captain, the first lieutenant of the *Serapis* came up from below, to inquire if the *Richard* had struck—the fire having entirely ceased. Mr. Dale gave the English officer to understand that he was mistaken in the position of things, the *Serapis* having struck to the *Richard*, and not the *Richard* to the *Serapis*. Captain Pearson confirming this account, his subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns that were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent; both the officers were immediately passed on board the *Richard*, and the firing was then stopped below. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the *Serapis* by Mr. Myrant, a midshipman, and a party of boarders, and as the former reached the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh by a boarding-pike in the hands of a man in the waist, who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable combat resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed and shot fired while the boarding-officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoner.

Although the protracted and bloody combat had now ended, the danger nor the labour of the victor were not over. The *Richard* was both sinking and on fire.

### The Public Journals.

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL,  
BY AN OFFICER OF THE BENGAL ENGINEERS.\*

#### The Castle of Oporto,

WHICH is in a very dilapidated condition, is a high building, completely commanding the town, being situated on the top of a high hill on the inner side or farthest from the landing-place. The statue in bronze, of Don Juan or John? which greets you on the top of the steps, or rather, in the middle of the grand square, is a beautiful and picturesque piece of architecture. The designs right and left of, and attached to, the equestrian figure, are well carved, but I forget their description,

excepting that I think they were allegorical. The houses are lofty, large, and cool, some with ice-rooms, which are still cooler, billiard-rooms, cafés, and shops of all descriptions. Few of the shop-keepers speak French, English, Spanish, Italian, or any other language than their own beautiful nasal twang. They are the ugliest set of people I have ever seen. There was, however, one exception, those at the opera being not only pretty, or at least they appeared so, and passable, but possessed of very good understandings, both of the body and mind.

#### The Church of San Roque,

Is a beautiful church, not exteriorly, but interiorly, having some of the most beautiful Mosaic stone paintings I ever saw: one of the altar-pieces, and some candelabras, are of the most elaborate workmanship, and are stated to be of immense value, by reason of the quantity of precious metal contained in their composition. Leaving this, we next proceeded a considerable distance, by boat, to visit the old Monastery, of which I forget the name: near the entrance of the river, on entering it, one is much struck with the great extent and amazing height of the roof, when contrasted with the extraordinary small pillars which support it; their tenacity is remarkable: they seem hardly capable of supporting the great weight of the roof at so great a height above ground: they present, however, a beautiful effect, especially as they are partly carved in an elegant and chaste style. The pulpit is costly in appearance, and not unlike those seen in the cloisters of Belgium, France, or Spain, in fact, in all Roman Catholic countries. We were here favoured with a sight of the remains of Don Alphonso, a skeleton which is kept in a coyp, behind the organ, and I cannot say it was the most agreeable I had seen. He was celebrated for having a beautiful wife, who so inflamed the passions of his younger brother, that that brother was induced to raise the standard of rebellion against him, and to dethrone and imprison him, and afterwards marry his wife; this was pretty well for a brother; but this is not all; he kept him in close confinement for 18 years, until his death—a fine lesson for posterity. The organ, which is a double one, is particularly grand; its tones are as fine as any I have ever heard, the shape of the building no doubt added to its euphonious chords.

#### The Squares of Lisbon,

Are capacious, the streets generally long and wide, excepting the "Goldsmith's Street," (which has a row of thick square posts on either side of the way, put up, possibly, to assist in covering assassinating parties), and one or two others; they are generally narrow, and all exceedingly filthy and stinking, (I ad-

\* From No. XXXI. Indian Review. Calcutta.

here to this term, because it is not at all an exaggeration). The "gardez l'œu" of Edinburgh, (see Humphry Clinker,) I think was nothing to it. The people appear clean, but I only saw one woman with whom I would with pleasure have gone to the antipodes, but not have married. The palace of the Ajudea is only the half part of a very large building which was to have been finished, but funds were not forthcoming for the purpose; nor does there seem to be any likelihood of the completion of this grand and extensive structure. The paintings inside are executed, however, in a most disgraceful manner, more fit for the ornaments to a barn theatre, than for a palace belonging to the Royal Family of Portugal. The rooms are large, lofty, and well arranged, with some furniture in them, and with exception to the paintings, are fairly adapted, as receiving or waiting-rooms for foreign ambassadors, or others requiring to be presented to the Queen. Tapestries are numerous on the walls, and three thrones to be met with in one of the rooms, viz. one for the Queen, one for the King consort, on her left, and the third for the Queen Dowager, on his left. Of course we sat down on each of them in succession! The statues in the courts below are not badly chiselled, representing mercy, justice, and all the attributes of the being they profess to worship.

#### *The Royal Sepulchre,*

Leads out of one of the exits from a monastery, appropriated solely to noblemen's sons in former days, but now tenantless; our guide lighted a taper or two, and ushered us in—we were startled with the stillness that reigned around, as well as with a certain impression of the confined state of the atmosphere, which was by no means agreeable or healthy to breathe for any length of time. We saw a splendid array, indeed, but for what purpose is it employed? The most interesting sight was a coffin, covered with a black velvet cloth, embossed with gold thread-work and lace, with a description of the rank and title of the late young husband of the present Queen, who died of quinsy in the throat, at the early age of 23, I think. A gilt crown and sceptre were lying on the top of the structure, &c. these were only placed there as a compliment to the Queen, because none but such as the deceased that had formerly been kings in their own right, were allowed this last mark of their former exalted rank. Some of the inscriptions were of considerable age, and mostly in the Portuguese language, but a few were of Latin.

#### *The Gatherer.*

*White Race of Africans.*—M. Guyon, chief surgeon of the African army, writes to M. Dureau de la Malie, that at Bougia there is now living a woman, originally from the

interior, supposed to be descended from the white tribe of Mount Aureps. She is at most twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of very agreeable physiognomy, blue eyes, fair hair, beautiful teeth, and has a very delicate white skin. She is married to the Imaun of the mosques, Sidi Hamed, by whom she has had three children, bearing a strong resemblance to herself. M. Arago observes, that these white people are not rare in that part of the world, as might be supposed; for, when he was going from Bougia to Algiers, in 1808, by land, he saw woman of all ages in the different villages, who were quite white, had blue eyes and fair hair, but that the nature of his journey did not permit him to stop and ask if they came from any peculiar tribe.

*Estimate of the average value of the mineral product of Cornwall and Devon annually raised and exported.*—If we estimate the value of the metals annually raised in Great Britain and Ireland at about 10,597,000*l.*, and consider that of this sum the iron amounts to 8,000,000*l.*, the value of the remaining metals would be, 2,597,000*l.*, of which Cornwall and Devon would furnish about 1,340,000*l.*, or more than one-half, leaving 1,257,000*l.* for the value of all the metals, with the exception of iron, raised in other parts of the United Kingdom. The two great metallic products of the district are copper and tin: of the former it yields one-third, and of the latter nine-tenths, of the whole supply of copper and tin furnished by the British Islands and all the countries of the continent of Europe.—*Geological Report, 1839.*

Mr. De la Beche, who, with Mr. Barry, and the eminent geologist Mr. W. Smith, were entrusted to select the material of which the new Houses of Parliament are to be constructed, have made choice of the magnesian limestone of Yorkshire.

*The Nelson Testimonial.*—Mr. Raiton is the successful artist. His design was No. 65 in the list. It is to be a fluted Corinthian column, 162 feet to the top of capital. The cost will be 30,000*l.*

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